

one she uses in company, and puts it on just like her best dress, and the other side she wears when she is at home alone with her mother.

I also know a little girl who has only one face, which is always as sweet as a peach, and never sweeter than when she is at home, and her mother wants her to be as useful as she can and help her. I think that I need scarcely ask you which of these little girls you like best, or which of them you would most like to resemble.

Talents

Exchange.

"I remember," said Grannie, "when I was a little girl of seven years old, my father kept a butler—a very solemn, but very kind old man.

"Every night when, exactly as the clock struck eight, my aunt sent me out of the dining room to go upstairs to bed by myself—for little girls were brought up very strictly in those days—old Thomas was always waiting in the hall to hand me my little brass candlestick to light me up the five long flights of stairs which I had to climb to the little attic-room where I slept. I always said 'Good night, Thomas,' and he would reply in a very slow, solemn way, 'Good night, Miss Nannie; don't forget to take account of your servants!'

"What he meant was this: My Uncle William, who had come home from India when I was about six years old, had been very kind to me while he stayed with my father, because he saw that I was a very lonely little child in a very big, empty house; for I had neither mother, brother, nor sister. So he would often take me on his knee and tell me Bible stories.

"One day, when we were sitting together in an old summer house in a very small back garden, which town houses generally have, he told me the parable of the 'Talents.'

"Nannie," he said, 'I am going away very soon, and I want you to promise me that every night before you get into bed you will "take account of your servants."'

"There are many "talents" God has given other children and not to you, for you are a lonely little girl—no mother to love you, no brothers or sisters to play with you. But there are many "talents" you have which some other children have not.

"See here," he said, taking my little hands in his, 'here are ten little fingers, and down there inside your shoes are ten little toes; and inside that mouth is a little tongue; and at each side of this neat brown head is an ear; and looking straight up at me are two brown eyes. Now, these are all your servants, or "talents," given to you by God to use—while many little children are lame or dumb or deaf or blind,—and you are his little servant, and I want you every night to "take account of your servants," and find out if they have been pleasing God or only pleasing yourself all thru the day.

"For all those servants of yours are "talents," or gifts from God, and he is

watching every day now what you give them to do, and one day he will make you give an account of their doings.'

"And then, after I had promised to do as he told me, he kissed me and set me down, and away I ran to my kind old friend Thomas, to tell him in my own way all about what Uncle William had said.

"And from that time until my aunt took me away to live in the country, old Thomas never forgot every night to say, 'Don't forget to take account of your servants, Miss Nannie.'"

THE CHRISTIAN HOME

GEORGE S. GRIM

The home of a Christian should be a retreat from care and passion, a resting place in the world's hurry on thru life, a little spot inclosed by grace divine out of the world's vast wilderness. It is written, "God hath set solitary in families." At every door the Savior stands knocking and saying, "Open unto me and I will come in and sup with you." His love is like the sunshine that sends the rays of light thru the windows, making it bright and warm within the house. What a home that must have been at Bethany where Jesus was wont to rest himself at evening. What seasons of refreshment was there! What lessons of mercy and truth! Yet the home of Mary and Martha was no more blessed than any other home where Jesus is made a welcome guest. It is to be lamented that so many Christian parents, heads of families, want to postpone and subordinate their house piety to a more public resort of a place of coming together. It were far better if such public place of gathering were abandoned, and the home worship and the reading of scriptures would be made practical. It is a desperate venture for parents to send forth their children out into the world without a home training in religious things. Let us therefore attend to the duties of domestic training and devotion. It may require on our part some resolutions but what difficulty will appall us when the question is one concerning our welfare and perhaps our eternal destiny is hinging upon this very thing. Thus make our homes a heaven on earth for there in the home of many mansions the fires of worship will never go out. The joy of heaven is a never ending song of worship and communion of all the pure and bloodwashed souls, and the most humble in the multitude of saints will have an access to the many mansions. This is a perfect home. O that ours were nearer to the pattern of this. We can strive to make it so. Where virtue and charity and contentment have met together at a home altar dedicated to God, there is the heavenly light and the sunshine of the Father's house on high.

Louisville, Ohio.

Plant blessings, blessings will bloom;
Plant hate and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day, to-morrow will bring
The blossom that proves what sort of thing
Is the seed, the seed you sow.—Selected.

Sisters' Society C. E.

From the President

Dear Sisters of the Endeavor Society: Wednesday night, April 5, we were at the Maple Grove church, also the following night when we had hoped to organize, but the response was so feeble, the workers so few, that it was decided for the present to have them join in with the Berlin society, which is only three miles away. Thus their S. S. C. E. membership was increased by twelve from Maple Grove, and several from their home congregation, when we had our meeting with them on Friday night.

Berlin has been for years the home of H. R. Holsinger, and here we are meeting with many of his warm friends. Coming into town, from the railway station we passed by the church in which was held the meeting of that famous committee, whose decision meant so much to Brother Holsinger then, but which means gospel liberty to us today.

The Custer church "over the mountain" was the next objective point. The drive there was most interesting, and when we reached the top of the Alleghany mountains, we experienced a certain sense of greatness—"monarch of all I survey"—the broader and farther view? or the child's idea of being nearer heaven? But like the mountain top experience in the spiritual life, we couldn't stay there, duty called us down the other side, and a mile down the last side we found the Custer church of about twenty members, among them some earnest hearted Christians. With a meeting on Sunday night, one on Monday afternoon especially for the sisters, then again at night, we organized an S. S. C. E. with eighteen members. It is weak as far as workers are concerned, and with our limited view of God's work, we can't see a very bright future for the society, but they are in the hands of the same Jesus that blessed the five loaves and two fishes. Already their work is telling, having at once sent in the April offering of one dollar and eighty cents. To help this general work, was their primary aim in organizing. They are also eager to keep up the regular church services, thru the S. S. C. E. meetings while they are without a pastor. This is one of the six churches, in and around Berlin, that is waiting for a pastor. Should not this fact impress every society with the great importance of supporting the Theological chair at Ashland College?

VIANNA DETWILER.

Berlin, Pa.

A Christian is one who has consecrated himself, not only as he is, but as he may be, to Christ. A Christian is one who has consecrated not only what he has, but what he may have, to Christ. Christian consecration is the converting of the increase of life to God. It is the pledging of the possibilities of our being to Him.—W. J. Tucker.

Patience reaches the goal while worry falls by the way.